DARK HORSE COMICS®
THE JAM #7
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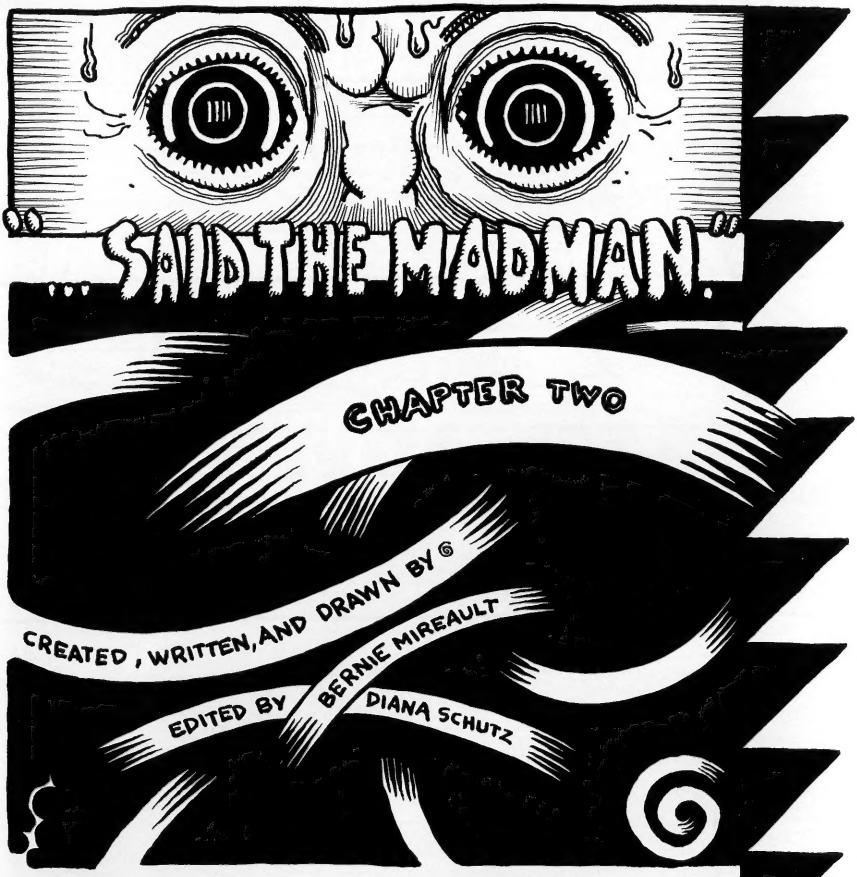
THE JAM™

URBAN ADVENTURE



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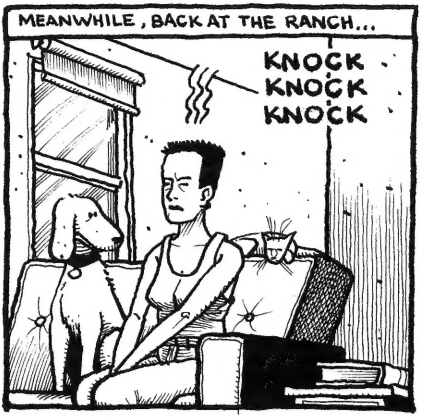
THE JAM
WHEN I COUNT TO THREE, YOU WILL WAKE UP.
YOU WILL NOT REMEMBER OUR CONVERSATION.
ONE.
TWO.
THREE.
--RY! I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT HOCUS-POCUS CRAP!

A COMMON SPECIES OF SCEPTICISM, EDWARD. WE'LL GO INTO THAT AFTER I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO EVALUATE THIS SESSION.
BUT I JUST GOT HERE!
IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK.
WHAT?! HOW?? I... I...
YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN HYPNOTISM.
WHAT DID I SAY?
I HAVE TO ANALYZE IT FIRST.
WE'LL TALK ON MONDAY.
I--
OKAY, DR. MANDIGO.
THANKS.
OH!
EDWARD...
...FIVE BELLS.
BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG
UNNNH...
...ER...
SEE YOU MONDAY.
GOOD-BYE, EDWARD.

UNDER HYPNOSIS, THE SUBJECT RECOUNTED A RECENT OCCURRENCE AT THE FAMILY DINNER TABLE, HE MEANT TO ASK HIS MOTHER TO "PASS THE SALT," BUT INSTEAD BLURTED OUT, "YOU'VE RUINED MY LIFE, YOU BITCH!" □
ALSO SPOKE OF SEXUAL ATTRACTION TO LIME JELLO. □
POSSIBLE FOR BOOK. □
SNURF
JOURNAL ENTRY, JULY 4.
TONIGHT I HAVE MY SECOND SESSION WITH "THE JAMMER."
I PLAN TO USE HYPNOSIS ON HIM AND RECORD VIDEO AS WELL AS AUDIO. MIGHT AS WELL ANTICIPATE THE FILM.
MORE AND MORE, I FEEL LIKE THIS CASE IS THE HOOK THAT I CAN HANG THE BOOK'S PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN ON. MUST TREAT WITH KID GLOVES.

NEVER BEEN IN A LIMO BEFORE.
MIGHT AS WELL NOT DEVELOP A TASTE FOR IT. THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY OUT.
I HOPE YOU LIKE CHINESE FOOD.
I LOVE CHINESE FOOD!
GOOD. WE'RE GOING TO EAT AT MY PLACE.
WAIT A MINUTE...

... IF THIS IS ALL FOR SEX, THEN YOU MIGHT AS WELL LET ME OUT HERE. I HAVE A PARTNER, AND I DON'T FOOL AROUND. SORRY.
OH! DON'T BE SILLY, GORDON!
I JUST HAPPEN TO KNOW A TALENTED CHEF WHO ISN'T WORKING AT THE MOMENT. SOMETIMES, INSTEAD OF GOING TO A RESTAURANT, I HIRE HER TO COOK AT MY PLACE.
HAHAHAHA!
OH.
LOOK. I DO FIND YOU ATTRACTIVE, AND I'VE BEEN TEASING YOU, BUT YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF CLEAR, AND I WON'T DO IT ANYMORE. THE REASON THAT I PICKED YOU OUT AND HELPED YOU TO GET A BIT OF CAPITAL WAS NOT BECAUSE I WANTED TO SCREW YOU...
... I JUST WANT TO HELP YOU. I GUESS I FEEL THAT SINCE I HAVE THE MEANS, IT'S MY DUTY TO THANK YOU ON BEHALF OF HUMANITY FOR-- FOR JUST TRYING SO HARD. DOES THAT MAKE SENSE TO YOU?
WHO ARE YOU?

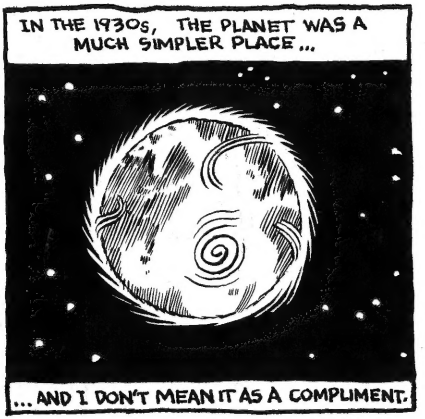

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH...
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

HI, DEBBIE.
HI, JANET. TEA?

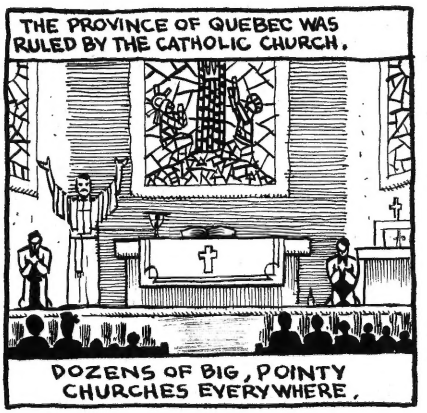
YOU ALONE TONIGHT?
YEAH. GORDIE'S OUT ON A DATE WITH A SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD WOMAN.
HIS GRAND-MOTHER?
HIS SUGAR MOMMA.
HUNH?

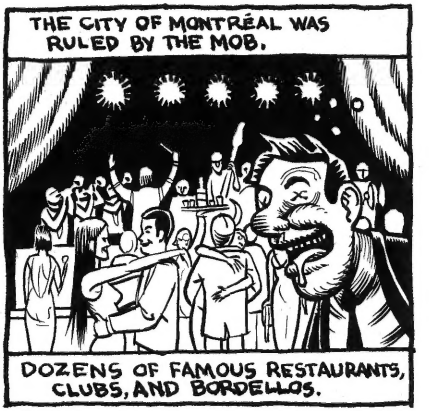
OH, NEVER MIND! I'M JUST PISSED OFF.
TOO BAD. SOUNDS INTERESTING.

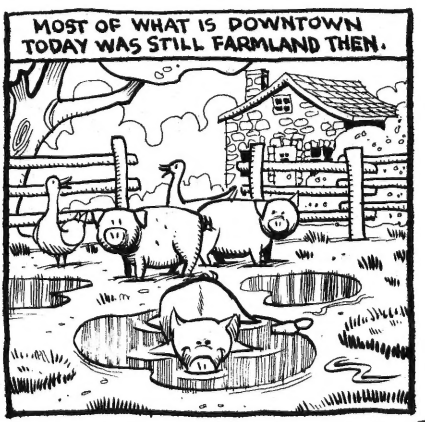
HEY, JANET, CAN I TURN ON YOUR TELEVISION? THE SIMPSONS ARE ON IN FIVE MINUTES.
SURE.


IN THE 1930s, THE PLANET WAS A MUCH SIMPLER PLACE...
...AND I DON'T MEAN IT AS A COMPLIMENT.

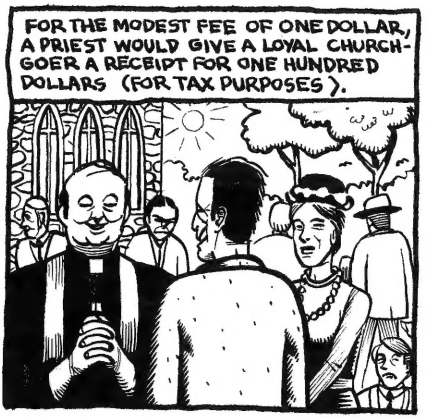
CANADA WAS A HUGE TRACT OF LAND, BARELY POPULATED.

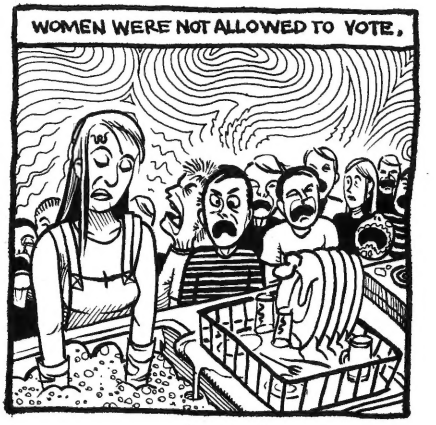

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC WAS RULED BY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.
DOZENS OF BIG, POINTY CHURCHES EVERYWHERE.


THE CITY OF MONTRÉAL WAS RULED BY THE MOB.
DOZENS OF FAMOUS RESTAURANTS, CLUBS, AND BORDELLOS.

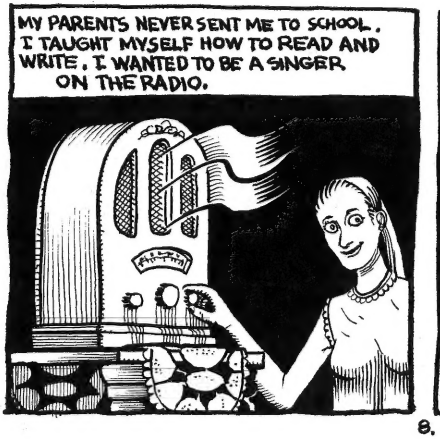

MOST OF WHAT IS DOWNTOWN TODAY WAS STILL FARMLAND THEN.

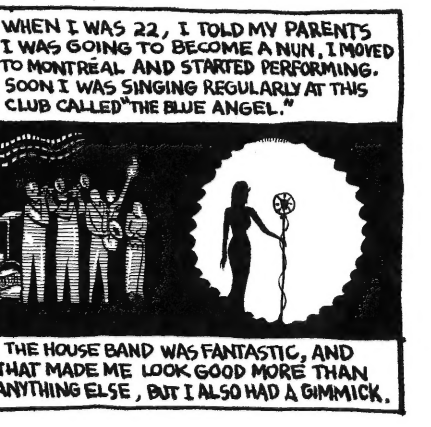
THE POLICE WERE EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.

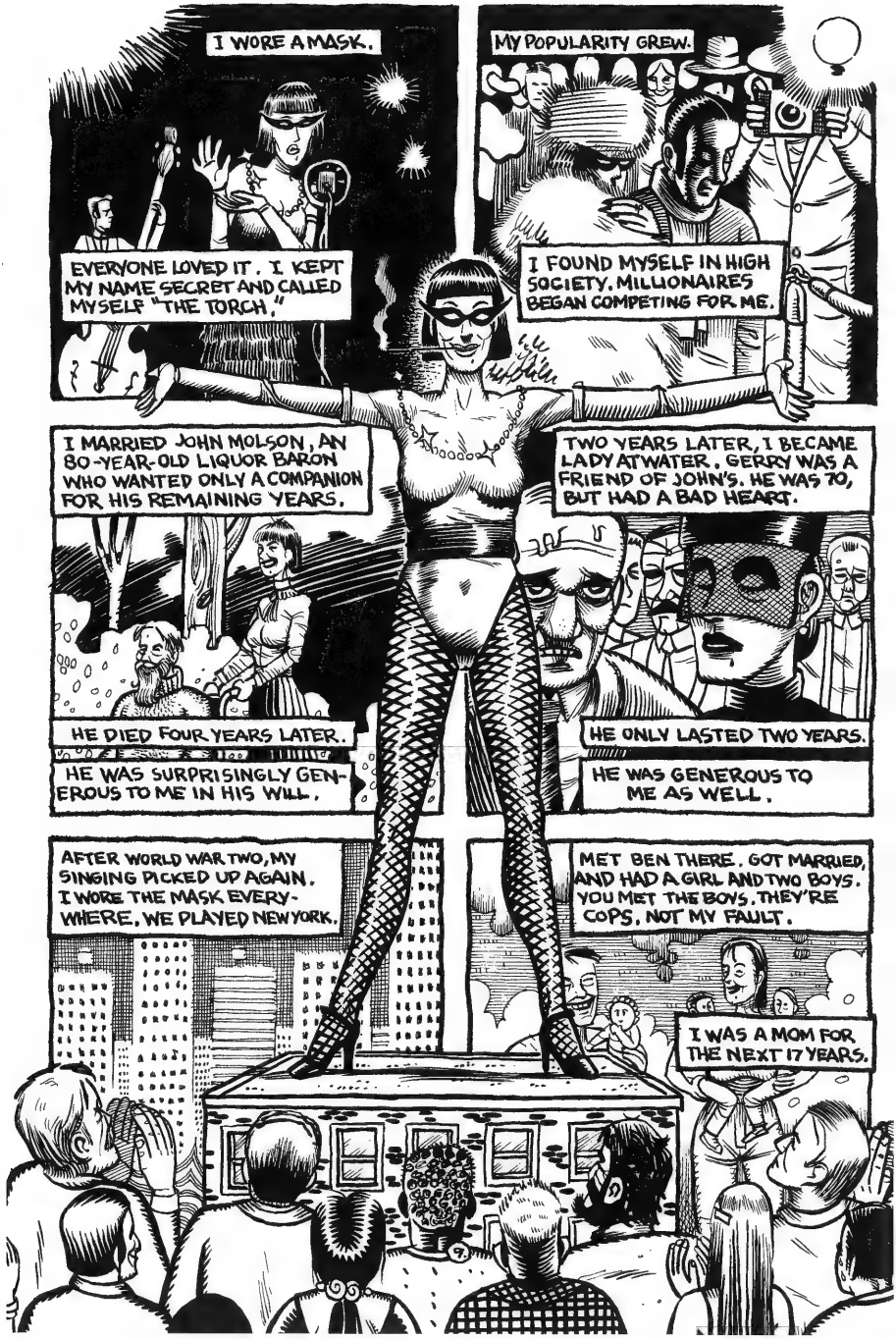

FOR THE MODEST FEE OF ONE DOLLAR, A PRIEST WOULD GIVE A LOYAL CHURCH-GOER A RECEIPT FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS (FOR TAX PURPOSES).

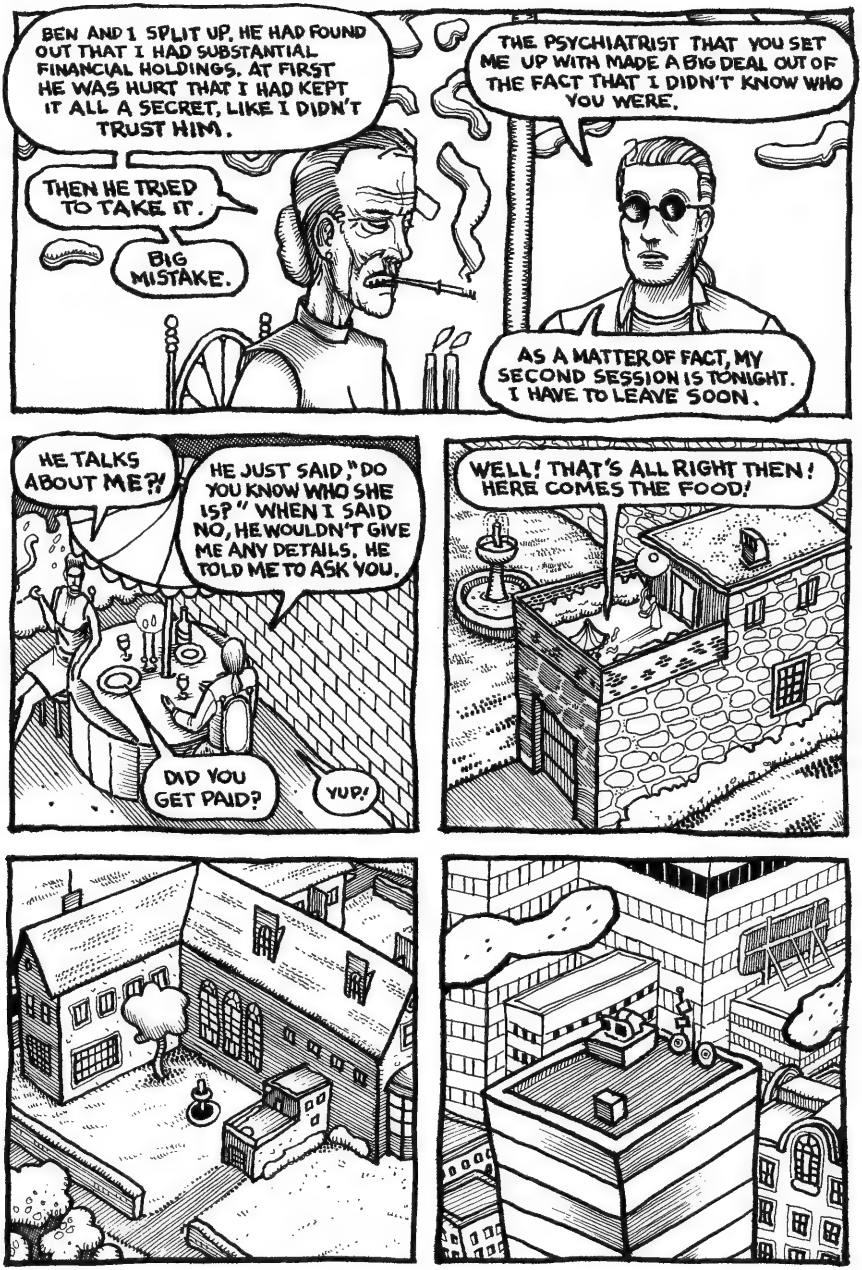


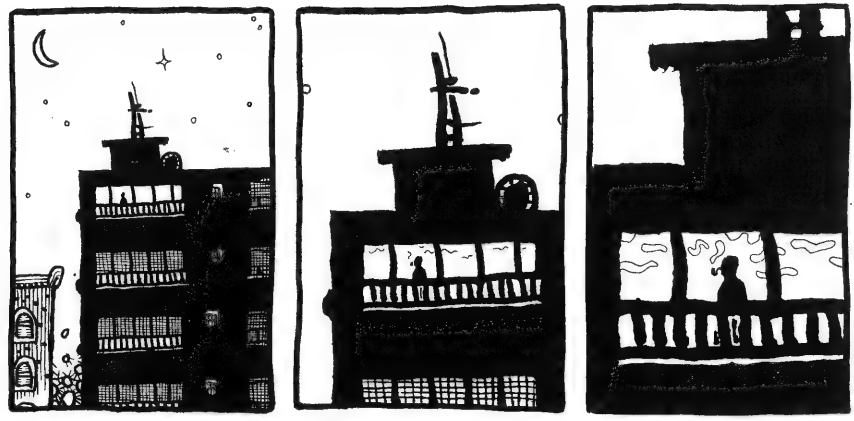
*A SOFT METALLIC ELEMENT THAT DOCTORS USE TO TREAT MANIC DEPRESSION.




WHEN I WAS 22, I TOLD MY PARENTS I WAS GOING TO BECOME A NUN. I MOVED TO MONTREAL AND STARTED PERFORMING. SOON I WAS SINGING REGULARLY AT THIS CLUB CALLED "THE BLUE ANGEL."
THE HOUSE BAND WAS FANTASTIC, AND THAT MADE ME LOOK GOOD MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, BUT I ALSO HAD A GIMMICK.

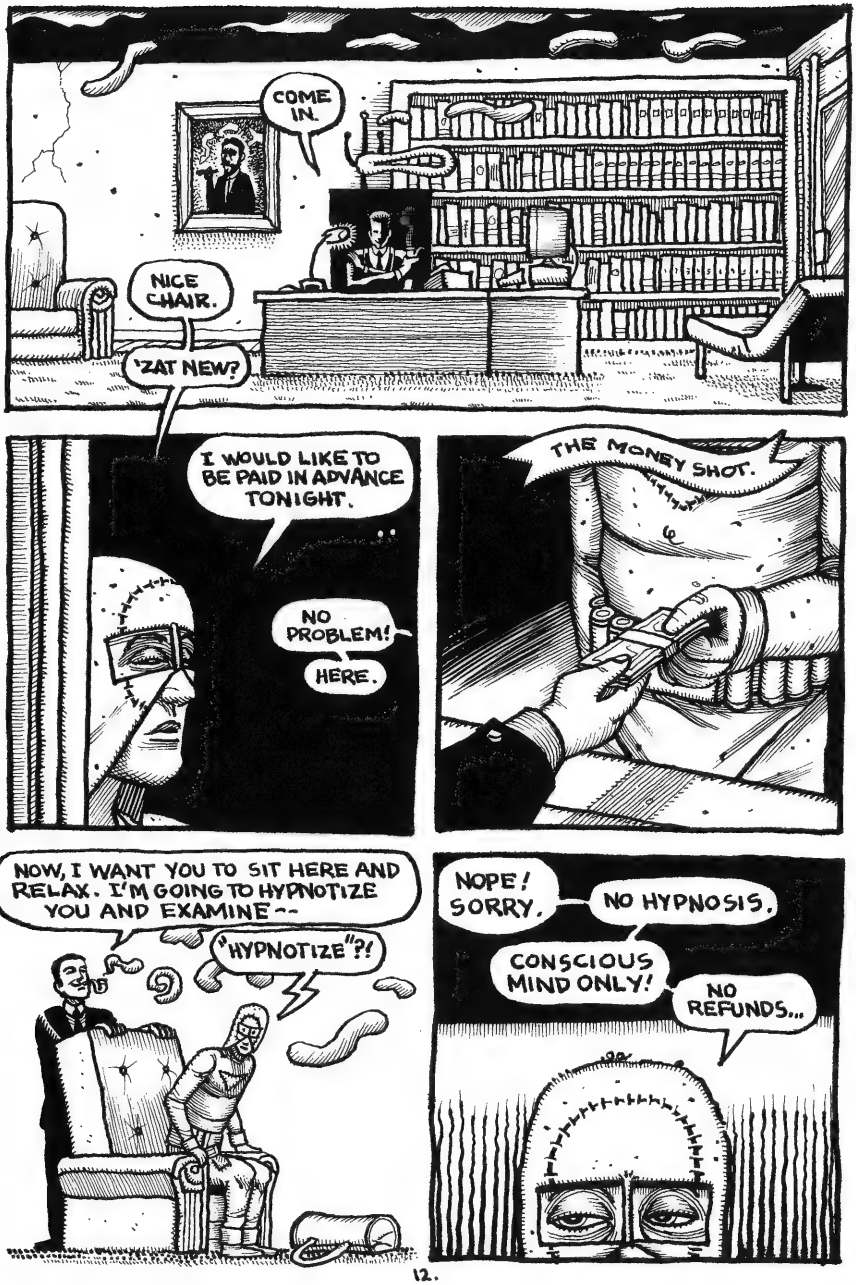

I WORE A MASK.
EVERYONE LOVED IT. I KEPT MY NAME SECRET AND CALLED MYSELF "THE TORCH."
MY POPULARITY GREW.
I FOUND MYSELF IN HIGH SOCIETY. MILLIONAIRES BEGAN COMPETING FOR ME.
I MARRIED JOHN MOLSON, AN 80-YEAR-OLD LIQUOR BARON WHO WANTED ONLY A COMPANION FOR HIS REMAINING YEARS.
HE DIED FOUR YEARS LATER.
HE WAS SURPRISINGLY GENEROUS TO ME IN HIS WILL.
TWO YEARS LATER, I BECAME LADY ATWATER. GERRY WAS A FRIEND OF JOHN'S. HE WAS 70, BUT HAD A BAD HEART.
HE ONLY LASTED TWO YEARS.
HE WAS GENEROUS TO ME AS WELL.
AFTER WORLD WAR TWO, MY SINGING PICKED UP AGAIN. I WORE THE MASK EVERYWHERE. WE PLAYED NEW YORK.
MET BEN THERE. GOT MARRIED, AND HAD A GIRL AND TWO BOYS. YOU MET THE BOYS, THEY'RE COPS, NOT MY FAULT.
I WAS A MOM FOR THE NEXT 17 YEARS.


BEN AND I SPLIT UP. HE HAD FOUND OUT THAT I HAD SUBSTANTIAL FINANCIAL HOLDINGS. AT FIRST HE WAS HURT THAT I HAD KEPT IT ALL A SECRET, LIKE I DIDN'T TRUST HIM.
THEN HE TRIED TO TAKE IT.
BIG MISTAKE.
THE PSYCHIATRIST THAT YOU SET ME UP WITH MADE A BIG DEAL OUT OF THE FACT THAT I DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WERE.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, MY SECOND SESSION IS TONIGHT. I HAVE TO LEAVE SOON.
HE TALKS ABOUT ME?!
HE JUST SAID, "DO YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS?" WHEN I SAID NO, HE WOULDN'T GIVE ME ANY DETAILS. HE TOLD ME TO ASK YOU.
DID YOU GET PAID?
YUP.
WELL! THAT'S ALL RIGHT THEN! HERE COMES THE FOOD!



BING BONG! DOCTOR MANDIGO, MISTER JAMMER IS HERE TO SEE YOU.
EXCELLENT! SEND HIM UP. YOU MAY GO HOME NOW, SONIA.

OKAY. YOU KNOW THE WAY UP.
THE MIDNIGHT RECEPTIONIST.
HEY! THIS IS A GREAT JOB!
WHERE ELSE CAN A WOMAN MEET A SUPERHERO LIKE THIS? ♡
HAHAHAHAHAHA
IF YOU SEE ONE, LET ME KNOW!
GOOD NIGHT, SONIA.
DING!


COME IN.
NICE CHAIR.
'ZAT NEW?
I WOULD LIKE TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE TONIGHT.
NO PROBLEM!
HERE.
THE MONEY SHOT.
NOW, I WANT YOU TO SIT HERE AND RELAX. I'M GOING TO HYPNOTIZE YOU AND EXAMINE--
"HYPNOTIZE"?!
NOPE! SORRY.
NO HYPNOSIS.
CONSCIOUS MIND ONLY!
NO REFUNDS...

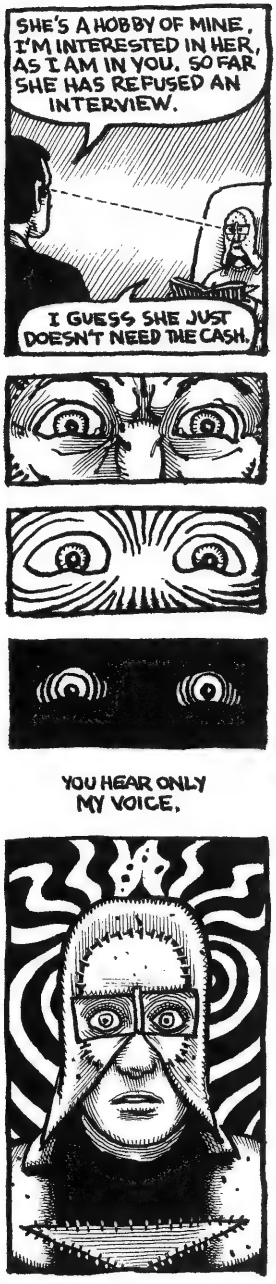
...AND NO PIPES.
BUT--
LOOK, IF YOU NEED TO SMOKE IT, WE CAN GO OUT ON THE BALCONY, BUT IF YOU REALLY NEED TO HYPNOTIZE ME, THEN TAKE YOUR MONEY BACK. I WON'T DO IT.
NO. NO.
PLEASE. THIS IS NOT NECESSARY.
THERE IS NO NEED TO HYPNOTIZE YOU. IT'S MY SPECIALTY, THAT'S ALL.
I'LL JUST GO AND PUT OUT THIS MONSTROUS PIPE!
HERE'S SOMETHING YOU MIGHT ENJOY.
THIS IS MY CHARM.
IT IS A SIBERIAN CRYSTAL.
I PAID A GREAT DEAL FOR IT. IT APPARENTLY WAS GIVEN TO SIGMUND FREUD BY A GRATEFUL PATIENT. IT WAS SAID THAT ANNA WORE IT OFTEN.
IT'S VERY BEAUTIFUL.

YESSS.
SOMETIMES, WHEN I GAZE INTO IT, I SEE INFINITE SPACE...
...ALL SENSE OF SELF IS LOSSST.
DOCTOR...
...ARE YOU TRYING TO HYPNOTIZE ME EVEN THOUGH I ASKED YOU NOT TO?
OF COURSE NOT! IF I HAD TRIED TO HYPNOTIZE YOU, YOU WOULD BE HYPNOTIZED!
OH! SORRY.
HOW SILLY OF ME!
ABSURD!
SO! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT THIS TIME? I KNOW! I'LL TALK ABOUT MY SEX LIFE. YOU PEOPLE LOVE THAT!
YES.
I'M RECORDING.
EL RANCHO.
SINCE I'M HOME ALL THE TIME, I'VE BEGUN TO NOTICE HOW OFTEN HE GOES OUT. THEN I FIND OUT--er-- THEN THIS OLD LADY STARTS CALLING HIM, AND NOW HE'S OUT ON A DATE WITH HER...
HAVE YOU SEEN HER?
NO, BUT IF I DO, I'LL--
KNOCK•KNOCK•
THAT COULD BE KURT. I TOLD HIM THAT I WAS COMING FOR A VISIT.

I'LL GET IT.
HI, I'M JANE MARBLE.
GORDON MIGHT'VE MENTIONED ME TO YOU.
MAY I COME IN?
O-OKAY.
HELLO.
HI! ER... ...WELL, JANET, GUESS I'LL BE GOING NOW.
MEANWHILE, AT THE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE.
--BUT IT WIPED OFF PRETTY EASY, SO THERE WAS NO, LIKE, TRAUMA OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
FASCINATING.
LISTEN, MISTER "JAMMER"...
...I AM NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR TECHNIQUE FOR MASTURBATION! I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU WEAR A COSTUME AND FIGHT CRIME!
I BLAME ADAM WEST!
THE OLD "BATMAN" T.V. SHOW! NOW THIS IS INTERESTING!
I GOTTA TELL YOU, I DON'T REALLY "FIGHT CRIME," I WALK THE DOG. I PLAY MUSIC. THE COSTUME IS A JOKE.

IT'S ONLY BEEN SINCE I'VE MET JANE MARBLE THAT I'VE WORN THE COSTUME. BECAUSE PEOPLE PAY ME TO, MOSTLY, EVERYONE LIKES IT.
JANE MARBLE! HAVE YOU SEEN HER? DID YOU FIND OUT WHO SHE WAS?
ER... WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT, I JUST HAD DINNER WITH HER. SHE SAID THAT SHE WAS A POPULAR ENTERTAINER HERE IN THE '30s AND '40s.
WHAT?! SHE WAS FAR MORE THAN THAT, MY FRIEND!
HA!
SHE WAS A FAMOUS COSTUMED VIGILANTE! SHE SENT GANGSTERS TO PRISON MORE THAN SHE SANG! CLAIMED THAT IT WAS PART OF HER ACT! SHE WAS BRILLIANT!
I HAVE SEVERAL SCRAPBOOKS OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, ALL MENTIONS OF HER, CULLED FROM THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE TIME.
A FEW PICTURES.
???

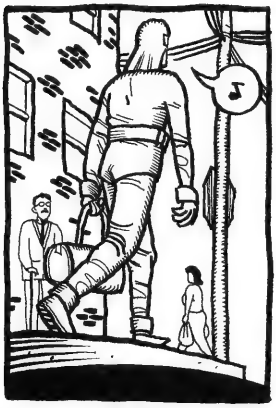
EAL HERAL
Y EDITION, AUGUST 12, 1948.
ORCH SIZZLE
TIONAL
PHOTO: BEMIREAULT
ICEF BENEFIT A HUGE SUCCESS D
AST NIGHT AS THE TORCH ORCHES
OCIETY TO THE FLEDGLING CHARITY


SHE'S A HOBBY OF MINE, I'M INTERESTED IN HER, AS I AM IN YOU. SO FAR SHE HAS REFUSED AN INTERVIEW.
I GUESS SHE JUST DOESN'T NEED THE CASH.
YOU HEAR ONLY MY VOICE.

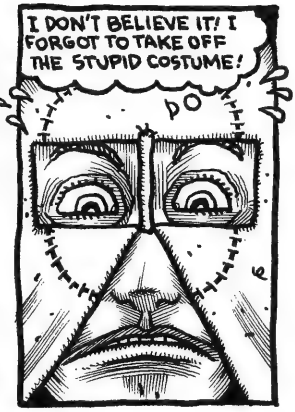
THOUGHT I COULDN'T DO IT, EH?
EVERYONE IS SUSCEPTIBLE TO HYPNOSIS!
LIKE CATTLE!
MOOOOO.
LISTEN TO ME.
YOU WILL DO WHAT I ASK!
YOU WILL CONVINCE JANE MARBLE TO ACCOMPANY YOU TO THE NEXT SESSION.
I-WILL-GET-HER-TO-COME-TO-NEXT-SESSION--
YOU WILL REMEMBER YOUR CONVERSATIONS WITH HER AND REPORT THEM TO ME...
REPORT-TO-YOU--
...AND ONE LAST THING...
...WHENEVER YOU HEAR THE WORD "CARROT," YOU WILL HOP UP AND DOWN LIKE A BUNNY SEVEN TIMES.
OH! AND YOU WILL DEVELOP A FONDNESS FOR THE SMELL OF MY PIPE!
WHAT?!
WHERE ARE YOUR ETHICS, MAN?!
YOU-- YOU'RE--
I'M SHOCKED! DO YOU DO THIS TO ALL YOUR PATIENTS?
I--
I--
GOOD-BYE "DOCTOR." YOU WON'T BE SEEING ME AGAIN!
WAIT!
IT WAS A JOKE!

SLAM!
OH, NO.
NO,
NO!
NO!

WHAT A NUT!



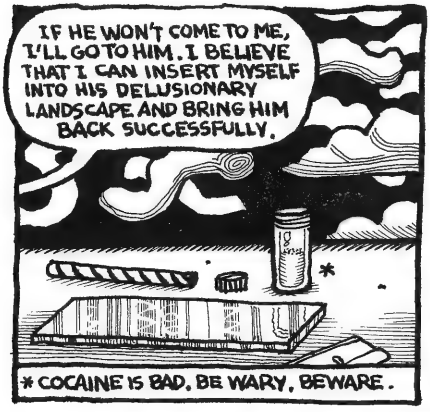
LOOK AT THAT GUY'S OUTFIT!
I WANT ONE!
NOT SO LOUD!

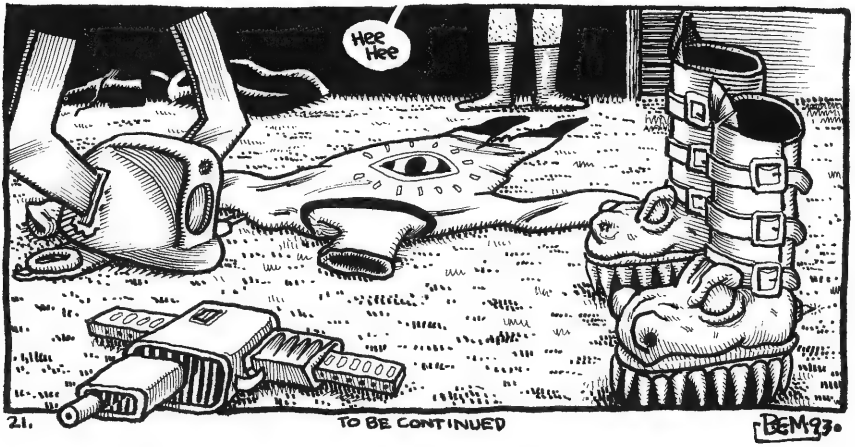

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I FORGOT TO TAKE OFF THE STUPID COSTUME!

BE COOL, FOOL.

HONEY, I'M HOME!
IT WAS A HARD DAY AT THE SUPER-HERO FACTORY.
GORDIE, YOU'RE NOT--
NOT WHAT?
SANE?!
NOT IN FULL POSSESSION OF MY SENSES?
IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY?!?
THAT'S NOT WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY--
I KNOW. I WAS JOKING. WHAT'S UP?
THAT'S YOUR COSTUME?
YOU WERE WEARING THAT WHEN WE FIRST MET. YOU SAID IT WAS A JOGGING SUIT.
IT STILL IS. WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO SAY?
JANE MARBLE WAS JUST HERE! SHE EXPLAINED EVERYTHING. WHAT AN INCREDIBLE WOMAN!
SHE WAS HERE?!
SHE JUST LEFT. DO YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS?
NO...
... BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT.

JOURNAL ENTRY: JULY 4, POST-SESSION NOTES. SESSION WITH "JAMMER" DISASTROUS!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY CAREER, HYPNOSIS HAS FAILED ME! SUBJECT CALLED ME "UNETHICAL" AND STORMED OUT, SAYING HE WOULD NOT BE BACK.
BEFORE HE LEFT, HOWEVER, HE REFERRED TO THE OLD "BATMAN" T.V. SHOW AS THE REASON HE WEARS A SUPER-HERO COSTUME TODAY...
...PERFECT FOR THE BOOK.


IF HE WON'T COME TO ME, I'LL GO TO HIM. I BELIEVE THAT I CAN INSERT MYSELF INTO HIS DELUSIONARY LANDSCAPE AND BRING HIM BACK SUCCESSFULLY.
* COCAINE IS BAD. BE WARY. BEWARE.



TO BE CONTINUED

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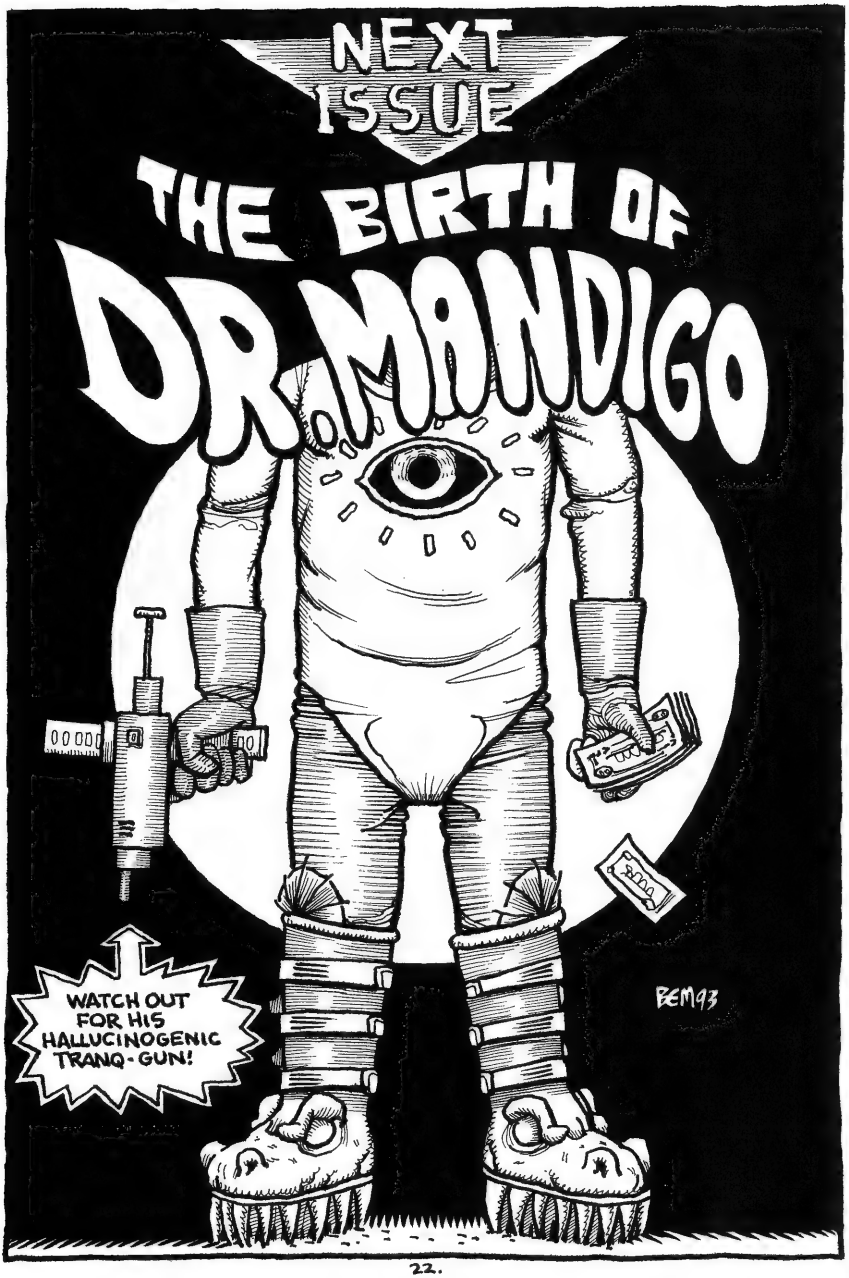
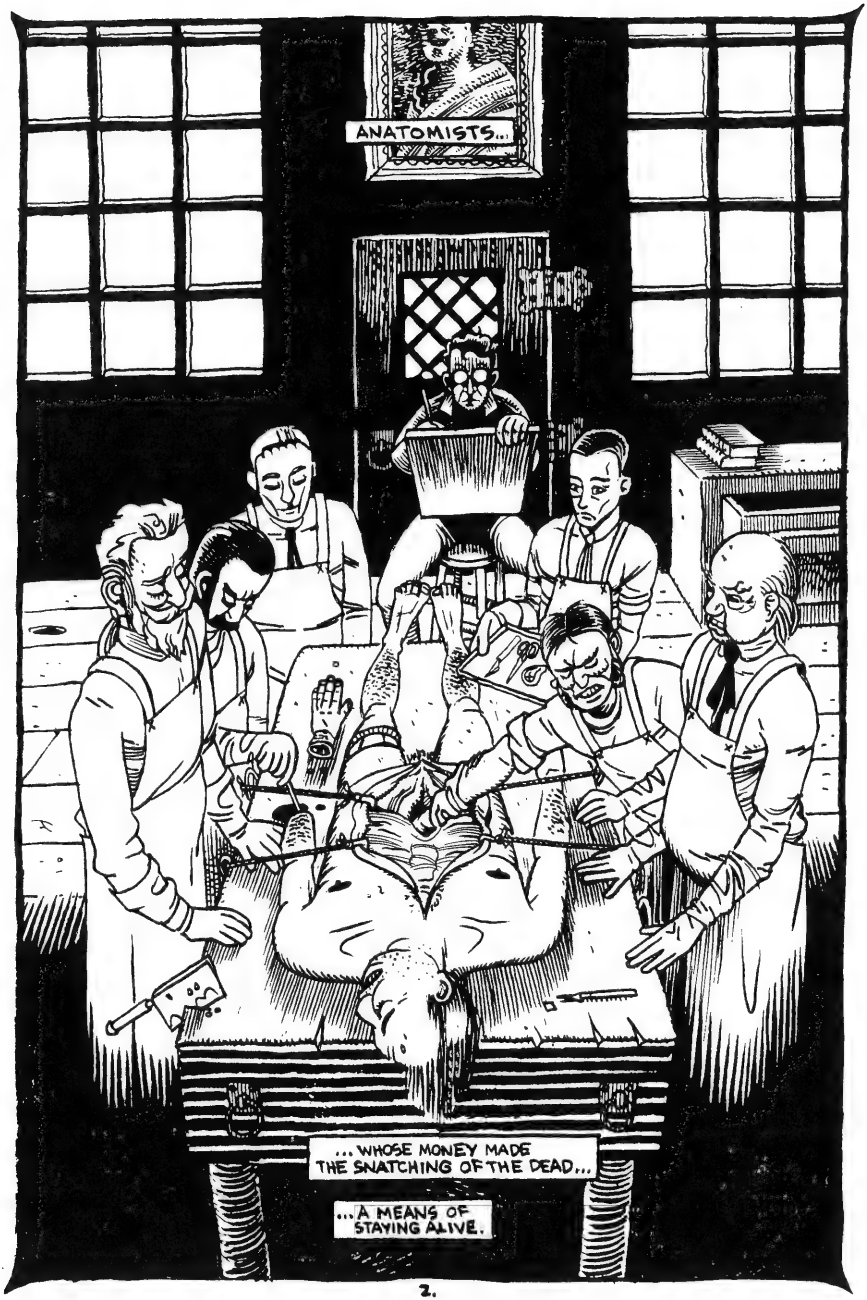
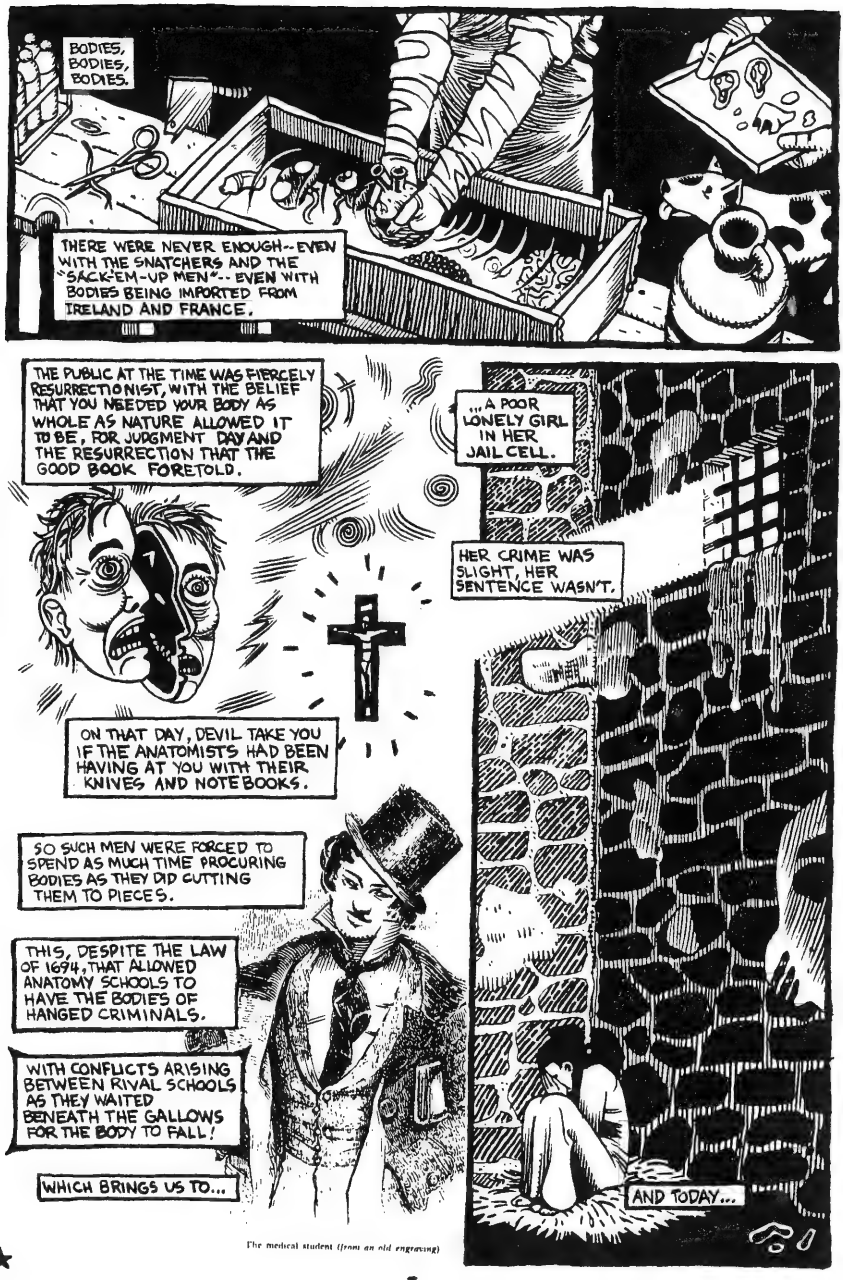

NEXT ISSUE
THE BIRTH OF
DR. MANDIGO
WATCH OUT FOR HIS HALLUCINOGENIC TRANQ-GUN!
BEM93

"HAVES" AND "HAVE-NOTS." THIS PLANET IS MADE UP OF ONE OR THE OTHER. THAT'S HOW IT IS -- HOW IT'S ALWAYS BEEN.
CERTAINLY IN SCOTLAND -- 18th-CENTURY SCOTLAND, WHERE YOU COULD STARVE TO DEATH ON THE STREET FOR WANT OF BREAD...
IN SUCH DIRE TIMES, A MAN COULD BE DRIVEN TO THE ODDEST of PROFESSIONS.
...OR BE HANGED FOR STEALING THE SAME.
I SAID 3 GUINEAS A BODY.
AYE, SO YE DID, BUT THIS 'UN'S SO FRESH, NO' TWO HOURS IN TH' SOD. SURELY Y'CAN SPARE A WEE BIT MO'...
FOR QUALITY.
UNETHICAL.
HATED BY GOD-FEARING FOLK.
GHA!
OCH, MY BACK! OLD BODY HERE WEIGHS A LOAD!
SHHHHH WI' YE... THE WATCHTOWER HEARS YE, THE'LL BE MO' THAN YE BACK T'WORRY ABOU'.
BUT PROFITABLE.
BECAUSE SURGEONS WERE "HAVES" IN TERMS OF MONEY...
...WHAT THEY LACKED WERE BODIES.
THIS, THE AGE WHEN MEDICINE WAS GUESSWORK... WITH SCIENCE YOUNG AND THE WONDERS OF HUMAN BIOLOGY STILL A MYSTERY.
AN AGE OF MEN WHOSE ALL-CONSUMING DESIRE WAS SOLVING THAT MYSTERY.
THEY HAD A NAME...


ANATOMISTS...
...WHOSE MONEY MADE THE SNATCHING OF THE DEAD...
...A MEANS OF STAYING ALIVE.


BODIES, BODIES, BODIES.
THERE WERE NEVER ENOUGH--EVEN WITH THE SNATCHERS AND THE "SACK-EM-UP MEN"-- EVEN WITH BODIES BEING IMPORTED FROM IRELAND AND FRANCE.
THE PUBLIC AT THE TIME WAS FIERCELY RESURRECTIONIST, WITH THE BELIEF THAT YOU NEEDED YOUR BODY AS WHOLE AS NATURE ALLOWED IT TO BE, FOR JUDGMENT DAY AND THE RESURRECTION THAT THE GOOD BOOK FORETOLD.
ON THAT DAY, DEVIL TAKE YOU IF THE ANATOMISTS HAD BEEN HAVING AT YOU WITH THEIR KNIVES AND NOTEBOOKS.
SO SUCH MEN WERE FORCED TO SPEND AS MUCH TIME PROCURING BODIES AS THEY DID CUTTING THEM TO PIECES.
THIS, DESPITE THE LAW OF 1694, THAT ALLOWED ANATOMY SCHOOLS TO HAVE THE BODIES OF HANGED CRIMINALS.
WITH CONFLICTS ARISING BETWEEN RIVAL SCHOOLS AS THEY WAITED BENEATH THE GALLOWS FOR THE BODY TO FALL!
WHICH BRINGS US TO...
...A POOR LONELY GIRL IN HER JAIL CELL.
HER CRIME WAS SLIGHT, HER SENTENCE WASN'T.
AND TODAY...

The medical student (from an old engraving)

...TODAY SHE DIES.
HER NAME IS MAGGIE DICKSON.
IT IS 1723.
HALF-HANGIT MAGGIE
A TRUE TALE FROM A DARK TYME
WRITTEN BY JAMES ROBINSON
DRAWN BY BERNIE MIREAULT

A PLAIN, BIG-BONED GIRL... HER KIND HEART HAD MADE HER BELOVED OF HER VILLAGE.
THERE WEREN'T MANY FROM AMONG THESE CROFTS WHO HADN'T BEEN TOUCHED BY HER GENTLE, CARING WAYS.
SHE'D LEFT THERE A YEAR AGO FOR THE MURKY DELIGHTS OF THE CITY, AND ASSUMED THAT THOSE FROM HER PAST HAD FORGOTTEN HER.
THEY HADN'T.
BASTA 'DS.
THEY'S HANGIN' HER, THEY'S TAKIN' HER LIF'.
YESTERDAY...
THEY SHA'NA' HAVE HER BODY. NO' OUR MAGGIE!
SHE SHOU' BE BURIED WHOLE... AND HERE IN TH' VILLAGE!
AYE. SO... WHOZ O' YO' IS MAN ENOU'?
WHOZ O' YO' IS WITH ME?
YESTERDAY...
UPSTARTS!
FOUR MORE ANATOMY SCHOOLS OPENING, WHEN THERE AREN'T ENOUGH BODIES TO BEGIN WITH.
THEY'LL ALL BE THERE, WAITING FOR THE LASS TO DROP. WELL... SO WILL WE.
THIS UNIVERSITY IS THE BEST. YOU, MY STUDENTS, THE MOST EAGER AND LEARNED.
IF ANYBODY'S GOING TO CUT UP... er... WHATEVER HER NAME IS... IT'LL BE US!
SO SAID DR. ALEXANDER MUNRO--
--AT THAT TIME, THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH'S PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY.
AND SO SAID A GREAT MANY RIVAL ANATOMISTS LIKE HIM.

THE PEOPLE.
TODAY.
SO MANY OF THEM.
MAGGIE IS ALMOST TOUCHED BY THE AMOUNT OF ATTENTION SHE IS RECEIVING.
IT IS IRONIC THAT, DEAD... SHE WAS FAR MORE WANTED, BY FAR MORE MEN, THEN SHE'D EVER BEEN ALIVE.

FROM ALL SIDES THE GROUPS MOVED IN.
ALL FIERCE. ALL DETERMINED.

AND ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER.

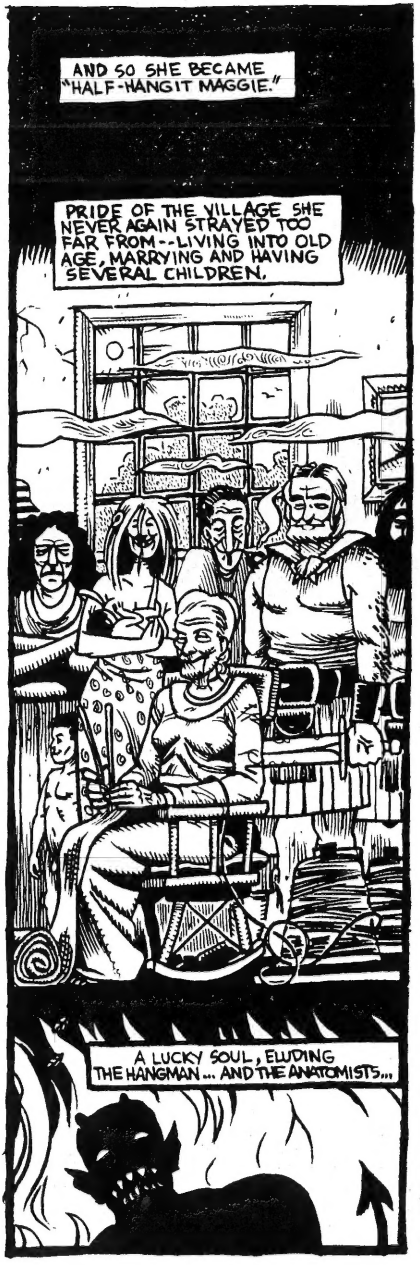
THE VICTORS WERE NO SURPRISE.
HARDY FARMING CATTLEMEN, FILLED WITH RIGHTEOUS IRE AND FIGHTING FOR ONE OF THEIR OWN.
VERSUS MEDICAL STUDENTS.

THE JOURNEY BACK WAS JOYOUS.
THE MEN PROUD OF THEMSELVES AND WHAT THEY'D DONE--THEY DIDN'T NOTICE THE COLD WIND OR THE STATE OF THE ROAD.

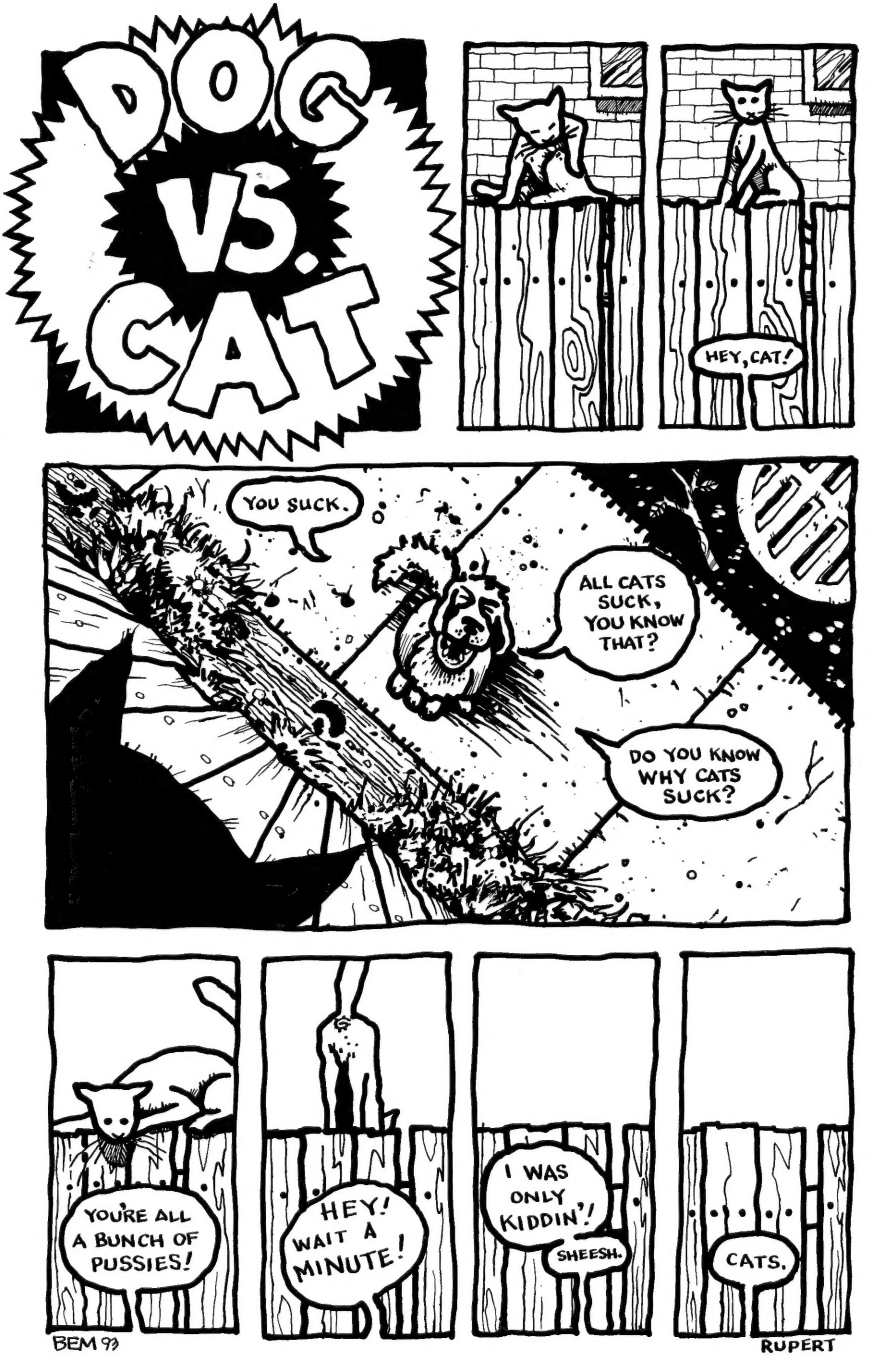
UNTIL THE CART BUMPED OVER TOO LARGE A COBBLESTONE...
KRUNK!

... CAUSING MAGGIE'S HEART...
..TO BEAT AGAIN.

THE JOURNEY BACK WAS JOYOUS.


AND SO SHE BECAME "HALF-HANGIT MAGGIE."
PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE SHE NEVER AGAIN STRAYED TOO FAR FROM--LIVING INTO OLD AGE, MARRYING AND HAVING SEVERAL CHILDREN.
A LUCKY SOUL, ELUDING THE HANGMAN... AND THE ANATOMISTS...

...UNLIKE SO MANY.
THE END
BEM93-
J.R.


DOG VS. CAT
HEY, CAT!
YOU SUCK.
ALL CATS SUCK, YOU KNOW THAT?
DO YOU KNOW WHY CATS SUCK?
YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF PUSSIES!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
I WAS ONLY KIDDIN'!
SHEESH.
CATS.
BEM 93
RUPERT

THE PSYCHOGRAPHER

ABU & BEM 93

KICKS
sci-Fi SEX COMIX
HEY, BABE, WANNA HAVE SOME FUN?
FUN, HUH? TELL ME- WHAT'D YOU INTO?
ANYTHING, DARLING. YOU NEVER FIT?
ANYTHING, UHH? WELL, IT'S DEFINITELY NOT THE SEX MACHINE.
ABU